# Bombay Gazette.

Wednesday, June 19, 1816.

(Volume 27.) (Number 1359.



## Advertisement.

*To be Sold*

BY

**Public Auction,**

*On Thursday the 20th Instant,*

**24 Hhds.**

BEER from the House of MILLER and JONES at the GODOWNS, NOWROJEE NASSERWANJEE'S Office.

*Bombay*, 19*th June* 1816.

## Advertisement.

*To be Sold*

*A Good Europe Cow,*

IMPORTED by one of the last Ships. Enquire at the Office of JEHANGEER and NOWROJEE NASSERWANJEE.

*Bombay*, 19*th June* 1816.

## Advertisement.

PROBATE of the last Will and Testament of His Excellency the late Vice Admiral Sir SAMUEL HOOD Bart. having been granted in England by the Prerogative Court of the Arch Bishop of Canterbury, to the Reverend EDWARD LINZEE, JOHN PAGE, Esquire, and Sir ALEXANDER HOOD, BART. the surviving Executors in the said Will named, all Persons having claims upon the Estate of the said Testator, or being indebted or holding property belonging thereto, are required forthwith to state their claims, or pay their debts, or deliver up such property to Messieurs ADRIAN DE FRIES AND COMPANY, the Attornies in India, constituted by the said Executors.

*Madras*, 20 *May* 1816.

## G. Higgs.

BEGS to inform the Public, that he has, for private Sale, a few Arab and Persian Horses, just arrived per Ship Fazel Karrim.

*Bombay*, 19*th June* 1815.

## Advertisement.

*Eduljee Cursetjee*

WILL SELL

*On the 24th Instant,*

BY

**Public Auction,**

The under mentioned Articles of

*Furniture,*

belonging to the

*Goa Residency,*

*The Property of the*

HONOURABLE COMPANY,

CONSISTING OF

CHAIRS, Tables, Bedsteads with Bedding and Curtains, Globes, Wall shades, Looking Glasses, Carpets, two Field Officers Tents, and one Captain's &c. &c.

The Sale will begin at 10 o'clock and the Lots to be paid and cleared away in two days from the day of sale, otherwise they will be resold, and any deficiencies arising thereon to be made good by the first Purchaser.

*Bombay*, 19*th June* 1816.

## Advertisement.

AN arrangement having taken place between *Nadir Baxter*, and *Robert Baxter* of the late Firm of *Baxter, Ferrar & Co.* making over to *Eduljee Cursetjee* (a Partner in the same concern) the concerns of *Baxter Son & Co.* and *Baxter Ferrar and Co.* an advertisement to the above effect has appeared in the Bombay Papers, Courier and Gazette, from the 25th of May last up to the 12th instant.

*Eduljee Cursetjee* begs leave most respectfully to solicit the attention of Gentlemen, indebted to the above Concern, to favour him with the amount of their respective debts, at as early a date as possible, in order to enable him to pay and clear off all claims on the late Firm of *Baxter, Ferrar & Co.*

*Bombay, June* 19*th* 1816.


*NAUTICAL CHRONICLE & NAVAL REPORT*

BOMBAY.

ARRIVED.—June 14th, Ship Fazel Kurim, Captain J. F. Longlands, from Bussorah.—Do. 17th, Ship Maria, Captain Robert Grover, from Batavia.

SAILED.—June 13th, Ship Lord Cathcart, Free Trader, Captain A. Ross, to London.

BIRTH.—On the 15th instant, Mrs. Taylor was safely delivered of a Son.

# The Gazette.

BOMBAY, 19th JUNE 1816.

In our last week's paper we presented our readers with almost every domestic article, of interest, it was in our power to extract from the Francfort Journals. We have since turned our attention to those of a foreign nature; amongst which we have perceived none more singular or striking than the convention which was, in the name of the most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, concluded at Paris on the 26th of September, between the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the King of Prussia; the sole object of which, as they declare, is to manifest, in the face of all mankind, their unmoveable resolve to adopt as the rule of their future conduct, not only in the administration of their respective Kingdoms, but in their political intercourse with other governments, the precepts of Christianity, the precepts of Justice, Charity and Peace, which so far, from being applicable, only to private life, ought, on the contrary, more particularly to influence the conduct of Princes, and direct their proceedings. It is, in truth, a solemn declaration of their faith in the doctrines of Christ, and, certainly, if these mighty Potentates should hereafter govern their conduct by the heavenly example of the *Prince of Peace*, the world would have real reason to rejoice, and it would, then, be hardly too much to hope that the Prophecies of old would be, speedily, fulfilled.

"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."

Molli paulatim flavescet campus aristâ,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be coverd oer,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more,
But useless lances into scythes shall bend
And the broad faulchion in a plough share end.

It would appear, however, as if Mr. Brougham was no very firm believer in the pious professions of the allied monarchs, and that he entertained no small degree of suspicion that this most holy pact or league was merely a prelude to a modern crusade against the infidel Turks. This however was denied by Lord Castlereagh who expressed his firm conviction that the treaty in question was founded on the most benevolent intentions and dictated by the sincerest desire of peace, and that it was only on account of forms that England had abstained from becoming a party to it.

As the document in question is in no small degree remarkable we subjoin it in the original French.

*Au nom de la très sainte et indivisible Trinité.*

L. M. l' Empereur d' Autriche, le Roi de Prusse et l' Empereur de Russie; par suite des grands événemens qui ont signalé en Europe le cours des trois dernières années, et principalement des bienfaits qu'il a plu à la divine Providence de répandre sur les états dont les gouvernemens ont placé leur confiance et leur espoir en elle seule, ayant acquis la conviction intime, qu'il est nècessaire d' asseoir la marche á adopter par les puissances dans leurs rapports mutuels sur les vérités sublimes que nous enseigne l' éternelle religion du Dieu sauveur;

Déclarons solennellement que le présent acte n' a ponr objet que de manifester á la face de l' Univers leur détermination inebranlable, de ne prendre pour régle de leur conduite, soit dans l' administration de leurs états respectifs, soit dans leurs relations politiques avec tout autre gouvernement, que les preceptes de cette religion sainte, preceptes de justice, de charité et de paix qui, loin d' être uniquement applicables á la vie privée, doivent au contraire influer directement sur les résolution des princes, et guider toutes leurs démarches, comme étant le seul moyen de consolider les institutions humaines et de remédier á leurs imperfections.

En conséquence, L. M. sont convenues des articles suivans:

Art. 4er. Conformément aux paroles des saintes Ecritures, qui ordonnent á tous les hommes de se regarder comme frères, les trois monarques contractans demeureront unis par les liens d'une fraternité véritable et indissoluble, et se considerant comme compatriotes, ils se prêteront en toute occasion et tout lieu assistance, aide et secours; se regardant envers leurs sujets et armées comme péres de famille, ils les dirigeront dans le même esprit de fraternité, dont ils sont animés pour protéger la religion, la paix et la justice.

2. En consequence, le seul principe en vigueur, soit entre les dits gouvernements soit entre leurs sujets, sera celui de se rendre réciproquement service, de se témoigner par une bienveillance inaliérable l' affection mutuelle dont ils doivent être animés, de ne se considérer tous que comme membres d'une même nation chretienne, les trois princes alliés ne s' envisageant eux-memes que comme delegues par la Providence pour gouverner trois branches d'une même famille; savoir: l'Autriche, la Prusse et la Russie, confessant ainsi que la nation chrètienne, dont eux et leurs peuples font partie, n'a reellement d'autre souverain que celui à qui seul appartient en propriété la puissance, parce qu'en lui seul se trouvent tous les trésors de l'amour, de la science et de la sagesse infinie, c'est á dire Dieu, notre divin sauveur Jesus Christ, le verbe du Très-Haut, la parole de vie. L. M. recommandent en conséquence avec la plus tendre sollicitude á leurs peuples, comme unique moyen de jouir de cette paix qui naît de la bonne conscience et qui seule est durable, de se fortifier chaque jour davantage dans les principes et l'exercice des devoirs que le divin Sauveur a enseignés aux hommes.

3. Toutes les puissances qui voudront solennellement avouer le principes sacrés qui ont dicté les présent acte, et reconnoitront combien il est important au bonheur des nations trop longtems agitées, que ces vérités exercent desormais sur les destinées humaines toute l'influence qui leur appartient, seront recues avec autant d'empressement que d'affection dans cette sainte alliance.

Fait triple et signé á Paris l'an de grace 1815, le 14-6 September.

FRANCOIS.
FREDERIC-GUILLAUME.
ALEXANDRE.

Another kind friend having most obligingly sent us an extract from a letter, lately received by him from St. Helena, in which is to be found much interesting matter relative to the late Emperor of France, we have gladly inserted it in our columns of to-day.

We published in our last a specimen of American criticism. We now publish, tho not from the same paper, a specimen of American Poetry. It will be seen that the author of the latter has taken *Homer* for his model; with what success we leave our readers to determine.

The *Rhenish Mercury* has at last received its *quietus*. It told, in fact, too many truths, and has, in consequence been suppressed by order of the King of Prussia. No government whatever looks with complacency on the liberty of the press, and the more execrable the government is, the more it fears and abhors that mighty engine of independance and freedom.

Carnot on the 25th of January was at Warsaw. Soult, with his son, had arrived at Brussels, as had Cambacérés. In fact there appears a general movement, from France, of those characters who have acted, of late years, conspicuous parts in that country. We augur from these departures that the existing government is daily acquiring strength. Fouche, it is said, means, with the permission of the Austrian government to reside at Prague, where Thibaudeau has been fixed for some time.

The proceedings, adopted by the French Government against Sir Robert Wilson and his two friends, were, on the 9th of February, asserted to be drawing speedily to a close. Their defence was intrusted to M. Dupin.

Don Jose Manuel Herrera had arrived with his suite, at New Orleans from Mexico. He is reported to have been previously invested with the official character of Minister Plenipotentiary from the new Mexican republic to the United States. We are rather anxious to see whether he was accredited by the American government or not.

The Grand Signior has resolved to form an European corps, to be composed, of deserters from neighbouring states and other countries. Their immediate use or destination is said not to be known. Perhaps the descendant of Mahomet has heard of the treaty just alluded to, and, perhaps, he entertains the same sort of suspicion as Mr. Brougham does.

*Extract of a Letter from St. Helena.*

On our arrival here we were agreably surprised to learn that Napoleon was snug, a state prisoner on the Island, and you will be a little astonished to hear, that I actually played a rubber at whist with the said "Ex Emperor" and I intend to repeat the same this evening, being invited to dine at the house where he has taken up his abode (at Mr. Balcombes). Although the Emperor, or General, as he is ordered by the British Government to be styled, had some beautiful Napoleons as markers, yet he played for love, (not much betwixt us, you will say). I would have given a good deal for some of his veritable coin, but he got up, asked me a number of questions about India, the size of the Ship, number of her guns, her duties payable to government &c. and walked to his tent at ten o'clock, with his Marshal of the Palace, Bertrand and Las Casas his Secretary, and two others. Conversation

Bonaparte

of all his former acts

spirit of candour which shews that

he speaks truth without fear. The most prominent that I recollect just now, is his acknowledgement of giving orders for poisoning the sick at Jaffa, which he says was a humane regard for his fellow soldiers, as he was about to retreat, was pressed on all sides, and as the Turks would murder them in cruelty when he departed: His orders were not obeyed by the Physicians, and the consequence was, as he predicted, they were maimed and murdered. He acknowledges the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, by his order; that he made no scruple of taking a life that was plotting against his; always strikes at the head to inspire terror; neutral territory was all nonsense only as *he* allowed it. Admiral Cockburn asked him particularly about the murder of Captain Wright in the Temple; he says, that he first heard that story in an English newspaper; it is *possible* that such a person was put to death by Fouche; it was an act of the police, and too insignificant to come before him. Nelson was a great man. Lord Wellington has prudence beyond any general he has ever met. The *Scotch Montagnards* presented at Waterloo a breast of steel, which the repeated charges of his cavalry and chasseurs could not shake. Sir John Moore was a great general, and of an enlightened mind; he liked to contend with him. Sir John was surrounded on all sides, before he began his retreat upon Corunna, and his instructions to his French General were positive to fight, and if possible destroy *him*: If any one could conduct a retreat before a superior enemy Sir John Moore was the man. His plan for the invasion of England was rendered abortive by Calder; he sent Villeneuve to the West Indies, knowing that the Channel fleet would pursue, some to the West Indies and some to the Mediterranean. Villeneuve was to return quick from Martinique, push for the channel and thus enable him to get out all clear; he had 200,000 men ready to embark at Boulogne on all kinds of craft. Was to land near Chatham, and get to London; had no idea or distant hopes of subduing Great Britain, but would from St. James's offer a very favourable peace. He had an inveterate hatred to English and Englishmen. His Irish invasion was to cost him 60,000 men; he was determined to try it. He would be their King, Pope, Bishop, General, in fact any thing 'till he fairly got them under his clutches; he would then rule them with the sword: He said they were naturally, a rebellious, turbulent and badly disposed people; good treatment would be thrown away upon such a race. The foregoing you can rely upon as genuine. I met the 53 Regt. here guarding Napoleon. *Boney* gives no trouble; never asks a favor; has every thing provided; no money, but lots of family jewels, pictures &c. &c. many of which I saw last night with his elegant swords, pistols &c.

# English Extracts.

The Hottentot Venus it appears from the French papers, died after an illness of eight days. Her malady is said to have been the small pox, which the physicians mistook successively for a catarrh, a pleurisy, and adropsy of the chest. The Profes sors of the Museum of Natural History have procured the body, and are dissecting it for the gratification of the curious, or; as they term it, for the benefit of science. If the French surgeons blunder as much about the causes of her extraordinary protuberancies, as the French physicians blundered about the causes of her fatal indisposition, medical science will not have to boast of any very valuable accession to its discoveries.

*(The Courier,—January 6.*

The pious Louis has, it is observed, in some of the Papers, appropriated a sum of money to procure, by the aid of masses, the removal of his brother from purgatory; perhaps it would be as well to leave the royal *sinner* (as they acknowledge him to be, by assigning him his present residence) where he is, lest (as Doctor O'Leary said to an Irish Bishop) *he might go farther and fare worse.*

Some time ago Mr. Justice Chambre intimated his wish to the Lord Chancellor to resign, but he was requested by the Noble and Learned Lord to hold on for a time, as he had not decided in his own mind on a successor. Four candidates it is said, have been recommended by different parties:—Mr. Serjeant Best has the interest of the Prince Regent —Mr. Parke, of the Saints—Mr. Abbot, of the Treasury—and Mr. Holroyd, of Lord Ellenborough and the Bar, as the Gentleman univer[illegible] the best judge of the c[illegible] Bench. It is now sa[illegible] has been the successfu[illegible]

Gout.—The follow[illegible] painful disease has bee[illegible] great success:—Take [illegible] phur, and gum guaicu[illegible] ounce; mix the whole in half a pound of treacle, and take a tea-spoonful going to bed.

## *TWELFTH NIGHT.*

This merry festival was celebrated, with more than ordinary hilarity, on Saturday night. The pastry-cook's shops were universally crowded—and the myriads that pressed their windows to view the store of good things within, afforded to the light-fingered gentry an admirable opportunity for their predatory skill—and the police officers were, in consequence, kept constantly, on the alert. The scenes represented on the *twelfth-cakes* were various—& the inscriptions were, as they are wont to be, ingenious & amusing. Some of them are said to be the production of Mr. Southey, the Poet-Laureate, who it is reported, anxious to have some *cake* with his *wine* (for *ex virtute officii* he receives a butt of *sack* every year), covenanted to furnish several pastry-cooks with a certain number of appropriate verses, for which he was to receive a stipulated quantity of cake. The *Field of Waterloo* was exhibited in many windows; the artist, in almost every instance, displayed great ability in the choice and working up of their *materials* – and are universlly allowed to have left Mr. Walter Scott far behind. On one of these cakes Lord Wellington was represented as a *Conjuror* laying the Spirit of Buonaparte—instead of a *wand* however, he wielded a *sword* and his attendants were a large body of British troops. Underneath was written:

"Thy *Spirit*, Bonet, Europe's bug-a-boo,
"Was in the *red sea* laid; at Waterloo."

On another cake Buonaparte was represented tied up to the halberds, while Lord Wellington directed an English drummer to flog him soundly. The following inscription was affixed to the scene:

"Britain's sons, by honour urg'd,
"The *scourge* of Europe well have *scourg'd*."

This distich is supposed to have been written by Alderman *Birch.*

On a third cake, the British troops, and amongst them a Scotch regiment, appeared to be pursuing the routed enemy. The inscription was as follows:

A SCOTCHMAN.

"Huzza for the thistle!—the scots won the day,
"Whene'er they appear, boys, the foe must give way."

AN IRISMAN.

"The Scots won the day!—Such a thought, now dont' cherish,
"One half of the *Scotchmen* that fought, lad, were *Irish*".

The island of St. Helena was depicted on many cakes—and several of them gave a view of the interior of Buonaparte's present residence. He appeared, in one instance, playing at cards with his host's daughters—beneath was written;—

"Mark the Ex-Emperor, he snuffs and plays,
"Forgotten quite the pride of former days.
"Tell me, ye wights, who deep researches deal in,
"Is this *philosophy*, or *want of feeling*."

In the evening, the usual amusement of drawing for *King, Queen*, &c. took place, and afforded considerable mirth. Our *ubiquarious* Correspondent *Peter Pry*, has furnished us with an account of what *was*, and what *was not* drawn by a a few of the principal personages, in some of the great cities of Europe.

LONDON.

The Princess Charlotte did *not* draw a husband—but was very near it.

The Duke of Cumberland did *not* draw a majority of the House of Commons to sanction the settlement of an annuity, on him & his Duchess, of 6,000l *per annum.*

Lord Castlereagh did not draw the character of a great statesman, or an able negociator—neither did his friend, Mr. Vansittart draw that of a good orator.

Mr. Croker made several attempts, but did *not* hit on the character of a fine poet.

Mr. Secretary Peel did *not* draw a trigger, though he appeared very anxious to do so.

PARIS.

Louis XVIII. drew the respect and esteem of all moderate men, by his adoption of firm, yet temperate measures.

The Chamber of Deputies drew down public disapprobation, by the violence and indecency of their proceedings.

Lord Wellington drew the character of the *Great Captain*—to the no small dissatisfaction of several French Marshals.

Madame Lavalette drew down upon her the blessing of every heart that could rightly appreciate her exertions in behalf of her husband.

MADRID.

The beloved Ferdinand drew a few patterns of robes for the Virgin Mary.

He also drew in one, the rarely combined characters of Judge, Prosecutor, and Executioner.

The Spanish Patriots did not draw any advantage from their exertions to raise this enlightened Monarch to the throne.

[ *The British P*[illegible]

[redacted]

[illegible] would not [illegible] the 26th, the Russians not being expected to arrive in any force on the Rhine before that date. About half-past four o'clock, *p. m.* a short time after quitting Malines, we heard a heavy cannonade in the direction of Brussels, which continued without ceasing till we entered that city, where the bustle and noise prevented it being any longer distinct. I was with Mr. B——, of Riga, and learned from a Mr. L—, of Curacoa, whom I had known at Rotterdam, and who was *the first person* we met, that the British troops had marched out about four o'clock that morning, and that the Duke of Wellington went away some hours later. The evening of the 15th he was walking with Sir C. Stewart in the Park, and quitted him to join the Duchess of Richmond and her family, whom he accompanied to her house. On the 14th, there was a ball at the Dutchess's, and all the Staff, &c. were there; but not on the night before the battle. At all events, it appears *they were*, both Blucher and the Duke, either in too great security as to what was passing, or very ill-informed of the movements of the French, who had on the 14th collected five corps of his army and his guards between Maubeuge and Beaumont, advanced on the 15th against Charleroi, from which he drove the Prussians, and moved forward towards Fleurus. The British were near Ath and Nivelles (1); and those who marched from Brussels were said to amount to 14 or 15'000 men. The day was very warm, and the men suffered much; they had marched 22 miles before they came into action: an immense quantity of baggage carriages with women, &c. crowded the road. The fight became very obstinate, and *at one time* a regiment of cavalry (2), were beaten back and took to flight. Two English gentlemen, who lodged in the same hotel with us, a Mr. H——and Mr. ——, and who had rode out with the troops in the morning, told us they saw them *running*, galloping over women, infantry, all they met on the road; and that it was with great difficulty they were rallied. They saw a trumpeter make great efforts in blowing, &c.: he then drew his sabre and tried in vain to stop them; a part of them, however, were brought together and formed, but others turned to plunder, and great confusion followed; among the baggage and provision waggons, corn, bread, rice, all was pillaged by the peasants, or *rather the followers* of an army, who are ever on the watch for such an occasion. These gentlemen did not quit the field till late, when the French had been driven from the wood, and the firing of the cannon became more distant, and the smoke was seen from the farther side of the wood; this was beyond Quatre Bras. In the course of the night and next day great numbers of wounded came and were brought in. The Highlanders had suffered severely. A Highland Officer told us, that his regiment had given a *volley* to the cavalry *that ran*, when they came back on them so *unexpectedly*, for they went on to the charge cheering. He said it was of *great use to them*; and that they were Brunswickers; and the Duke told them they had acted *very right*.

Whether it was from this *hint* of the Scotchmen, or not, all the foreign troops, Brunswick, Belgians, and Germans, behaved very well the following days, and each corps distinguished itself. It has been said, that the disposition of the troops *was very judicious*; and that those whom they *had any doubt of* were well supported by the British. The return of the heavy baggage of some of the Dragoon Guards and others, the numbers of wounded that appeared, every moment, and the anxiety in all faces, and tears in the eyes of many of the English ladies, who were seen in the streets, and were *supposed* to know more than others, increased the alarm, and many believed all was lost. Early on Saturday morning, and even on Friday night, many Prussians arrived, who spread reports that they were pursued by *French lancers to within a quarter of a league of Brussels.* I spoke with some of them; *one in particular*, who arrived about four o'clock on Saturday morning [illegible]

[illegible] great coat, though it was very warm, to conceal *his crosses* and others, of which he had two or three on his breast; in pulling out his handkerchief, to wipe his face, his epaullets tumbled out, and as he found the lancers were not *quite* so near, he opened his coat, after having sat sweating near an hour; he said he was going to Antwerp *to cross* the Rhine!!! I don't think I ever saw a a man more frightened, or so ignorant of the situation of the country in general; he spoke tolerable good French. Between one or two o'clock on Friday night, a Prussian dragoon, or orderly, came and told a Commissary-General of that nation, who lodged in the inn, that the army was beaten and retreating—this he communicated in German; to us he replied, in French, he knew nothing. The Commissary, who was just going to bed, changed his plan, *burned a heap of papers* in the Court-yard, and at four o'clock he was off, no person knew where. I saw him alive, however, in the same inn, five or six days after. These Prussians, who continued to arrive, some of them wounded, and *all of them* frightened, I suppose much by the stories they told one another, were ordered not to enter by the gate of Namur, but to proceed to another, as the road and street of Namur were crowded with the curious of all classes, anxious to hear the news. To this they refused to obey, and wanted to force the sentinels, who called the guard; but after making much noise, and its having nearly had unpleasant conseqnences, they were obliged to go round. The return of baggage, and the unfavourable news that continued to arrive on Saturday night, and which spread, and was told by servants and soldiers who heard it, God knows how, was even repeated by some officers of . . . . . , and some of my . . . . , who could give a *very imperfect account*: all of them, however, agreeing, that the numbers of the French were very superior to the British, and that *their cavalry* had cut up the foot guards dreadfully, but that they had retreated, or retired, in the evening, when our *heavy dragoons came up*. All this night it rained in torrents; the numbers of men and horses, both with the retreating baggage, and belonging to wounded officers, filled all the inns, and confusion and distress in seeking shelter continued all night. As soon as it was day, every one trying and running for horses to get away, the English families in particular; many of the inhabitants of Brussels set out for the Hague; the Prince of Conde, and some others of the Bourbons, got off; and I am told, the port or gate of Malines, and all the road for some miles, which before had been a *sort of Commissariat camp*, the road covered with waggons and horses, and the fields with oxen and cows for the army, became a scene of confusion and difficulty *not to be described.*

I had been up dressed, and out from four o'clock, and the appearance of things *so unfavourable*, that my companion B——, ——, decided to get away, if possible, and with a good deal of trouble, we found a *forgon* and a pair of horses, for which we paid 60 francs to Antwerp—the common fare is 40; so that our conductor was a man of conscience, as we learned after that 300 francs had been paid for a pair of horses for the same journey, and without a carriage. We left Brussels (4) about one o'clock, being detained in the street more than an hour by the passage of a train of *British artillery going to the army*: we got along the road very quietly and without interruption, although there were great numbers of carts with wounded and baggage, and many carriages, but they were all going the same way—we dined at Malines, and staid near two hours there; all then was quiet, but about the time we had got out of the *gate* towards Antwerp, I imagine the noise and alarm began at the other end of the town, that the French were in possession of Brussels, and were *even in sight.* Nothing can exceed, I am told, the confusion: carts and waggons were upset *intentionally* to bar the passage, and pillage and plunder then commenced, servants abandoned horses carts, carriages, &c. of their [illegible]

[illegible] of Buonaparte, and it is a service that the honest men of the country will not accept, as they call them *thief-catchers*, and the *Brabanters are proud* on these points. On the day following, these fellows were seen selling publicly at Antwerp, a variety of things plundered in this confusion, a horse for 25 francs, a fine ornamented military bridle for three francs, wearing apparel, valuables, &c. The Mayor issued a proclamation, forbidding, under penalty, similar or any purchases.—An officer of the guards was *so persuaded* that the French were at Malines, that he said positively to some other military men *there* that *he saw them*; that he would give himself up as prisoner, and recommended them to do so; but they were not so credulous as he was, and I heard *one of them*, who sat near me at dinner next day, say, that *whenever* he should meet him he would report him for his conduct that day. We continued quietly our journey, still going *before* the alarm or the storm *without perceiving* it, till we came near to Antwerp. It being Sunday, great numbers were collected in the villages, and along the road, to ask the news, and having seen *such* numbers coming from Brussels during the forenoon, they still loitered and remained drinking their beer at the doors till near seven o'clock, when an officer in a *British uniform*, with a Wellington hat and feather, *capitally mounted*, accompanied by a lady carrying a pug-dog, and on a blood horse also, came galloping as if they rode a race; at a little distance a boy, or child rather, with a *fine huzzar uniform*, and one or two servants. The day was wet, and it then rained in torrents, and these people, from gallopping on the clay and muddy side of the road, were covered with dirt. They got into the city about a quarter of an hour before we did, and called to the sentinels to shut the gates, as the French were at hand. The crowd of servants with *bad-horses and baggage*, that had all day jogged quietly along, seeing these people run,, began like sheep to do so likewise, and the whole cavalcade except ourselves, got into an accelerated movement. When we got into town, all was in the greatest consternation; three of the city gates had been ordered to be shut, the guards were doubled, and all was on the alert.

(1) Six leagues from Brussels, S.
(2) Dutch Light Dragoons.

(3) Namur is 13 leagues S. E. from Brussels, at the juncon of the Macse and Sambre, 60 leagues N. E. of Paris.

(4) Brussels is 8½ leagues from Antwerp, and Malines half way.

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The alarm continued till late at night, or rather early on the morning of Monday, when the news of the victory arrived.

Those who had so lately fled, now began to think of returning, and almost as much anxiety appeared to get back, as there was to leave Brussels. The English and others all busy and running about inquiring after their friends and acquaintances who had been in the battle, and after their trunks, horses, and servants, who had been in the *begare* and confusion on the road. On Sunday I returned with my companion, Mr. B———, and anxious to see the field of battle, we procured a forgon, and luckily found a civil and intelligent fellow, owner and driver, who had been twice there, impressed in the service, as all carriages, public and private, had been, to bring in the wounded, by the orders of the Mayor or Governor. He counselled us much against the expedition, though against his interest, as he said he was sure of being again put into requisition. However we promised to pay him at all events, and attempt the adventure, though strongly advised against it in another quarter. Two Englishmen, who supped at the next table to us, Hotel d'Hollande, assured us they had but just returned, and had been robbed of their watches and money on the field, by foreign soldiers, they supposed Prussians. Our former English acquaintances, Mr. H——, and Mr.——, we found again in the same hotel. These Gentlemen, who had horses, and had been spectators on the two first days, had quitted Brussels for Antwerp on the Sunday, returned on Monday, and had been to ride over the ground; they described it as imposible to go over the scene again, from the stench; and that the danger of being robbed was very great, as bands of the Prussian landwehr, or other banditti dressed like soldiers, were in the extensive forest of Soignes, and plundered all they found unarmed, or separated from their companions.

However, having left watches and all valuables, and being provided with a good stock of bread, some cold meat, vinegar, wine, and brandy, we started. About a small league distance from Brussels, on the road to Namur, you enter the forest of Soignes. The road is a pavement or chaussee, about sixty feet wide between the banks and wood, which in many places is much higher, and over-hangs the road, the paved part of which is only about 25 feet in the centre. From the wet weather, the want of air, and constant dropping of the trees, and there not being any means or dykes to receive or let the water run off, the clay sides of this road were worked up into a thick black mud, & carriages or waggons, if at all loaded, once pushed off the stones into this clay, were sure almost to be lost, being quickly overturned, and so instantly plundered, and booty in a moment carried into the [illegible] which is extremely close and thick, planted chiefly with lofty and fine beech trees. It extends over———acres. The finest and best of the oak-trees, to a great amount, were cut and carried to Antwerp, for the French marine under Napoleon. Immediately on entering the forest, we saw, right and left, the traces of the retreat and confusion that the baggage, and those who conducted it, or who intercepted it for plunder—the trees were marked and cut in many places—carts and caissons in numbers lay sunk in the mud broken, pillaged of what they contained, and many stripped of the iron-work and wheels. Dead horses in many place nearly obstructed the road—some of them were skinned, and increased the stench to a great degree—dead bodies of men, women, and children, were seen on the banks near the road in the wood. The peasants, who were in groupes, employed to clear the road, drag the horses to one side, & cover them with earth, they strongly advised us not to proceed, as they said the Prussians pillaged friends and foes indiscriminately. The passage through this forest is two leagues and an half, the road nearly straight, and close set with extremely lofty trees—a dark wet day, and the sameness of the country, only broken by new and repeated objects of ruin and disaster, was gloomy in the extreme, and we expected, at each moment, to be stopped by some of these heroes with muskets, who, by a simple present, could have made us obey their wishes, and then, in an instant, return into the wood.

The village of Waterloo composed seventy or eighty houses, straggling on each side the road, and a handsome church is on the border of the forest.—We found ourselves more at ease, being in an open country. The houses were all empty, and the few inhabitants who had returned were without food for themselves. The inn where we stopped was stripped of every thing—they had not even water—the cord and bucket having fallen into the well, which was deep, and they had neither industry nor means to fish it up again—they all seemed stupified. We gave them some bread and a glass of brandy each, and they took it with fear and trembling, lest the Prussians should see, and imagine they had provisions concealed, which would, they said, have been sufficient cause to sabre the whole family.

The church was filled with wounded Frenchmen, some in a most dreadful state—one, that had both his thighs off, cried & entreated all who came in to put an end to his sufferings, and kill him—he said, they saw he could never recover, and that God would bless them for such an act of charity.

The spring-waggons of the British hospitals, and conveyances of all kinds were employed, and we met them, in different places, bringing in the wounded to Brussels, but the numbers were so great, that some thousands yet remained behind.

On leaving Waterloo, on the road to Namur, you come to the village of Mount St. John, abut a mile and half near, and in front of which the field of battle was—there you are completely out of the wood of Soignes, and the road divides, one branch leading to Nivelles, rather to the right—the other going nearly straight to Genappe.

On passing the barrier, and quitting this village towards Nevelles, you come immediately on a plain and open country, without many trees or enclosures. The country is not a level flat, but composed of large extents of flats *(plateaus)*, and then sinking into gentle valleys and slopes. The whole, as far as the eye could reach (before the battle), was covered with the finest and most promising corps of wheat, rye, barley, beans &c.: it then presented the place where a fair, or great market, had been held but covered with dead men and horses. The ground was trodden and worked into mud, and the arms, clothes, chacos, belts, cartridge boxes, &c. half buried in it. Many of the men were even stuck in the clay—all were stripped, and, from sun and rain, swelled and very black—the smell was dreadful, though the weather was wet and cold for the season.

[*The British Press,—Dec. 23d.*

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### THE OFFICER, HIS WIFE, AND THE BAGGAGE ASS.

The following interesting anecdote is taken from "A Visit to Flanders," and will give some idea of the kind of scenes that were passing during the memorable battle of Waterloo:—

"I had the good fortune," says the intelligent writer, "to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish Officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty and matchless innocence and naivete. The husband was in the battle of Quatre Bras as well as of Waterloo, and to him I owe much of my minutest and most interesting information. He was living in cantonments at Nivelles, his wife with him. The unexpected advance of the French called him off at a moment's notice to Quatre Bras; but he left with his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated, but being suddenly ordered, on the Saturday morning, he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by the servant and baggage, to Brussels.—The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master & mistress, and make off with the horse, leaving the helpless young lady alone with the baggage-ass. With a firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced on foot her retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass by the bridle, and carefully preserving the baggage; no violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrin, but no one could venture to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery; her fatigue was great; it rained in water-spouts, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army on the Saturday evening were taking up their line for the awful conflict. In so extensive a field, and among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband; she knew that the sight of her THERE would only embarrass and distress him; she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night; the road choaked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of native fugitives on the road, and flying into the great wood, and many of the wounded walking their painful way, dropping every step, and breathing their last; every few steps lay a corpse, or limb; particularly, she said, SEVERAL HANDS. Many persons were actually killed by others, if by chance they stood in the way of their endeavours to help themselves. And to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged, as if the heavens were torn to pieces.

"Full 12 miles further in the night this young woman marched up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted; but still unhurt, she led her ass; and although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels on the morning in safety, self, ass, bag and baggage, without the loss of an article. In a few hours after her arrival, commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday, exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night in agony she was rewarded by finding herself in her husband's arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse, on the Manday.

"The officer told me the tale himself with tears in his eyes. With a slight Irish accent, he called her his 'dare little woman,' and said she became more valuable to him every day of his life. I never saw a more elegant gentlemanlike young man; and assuredly his pretty Belgian seemed almost to adore him. It gave additional value to the anecdote, that I had it from the actors in the scene described. When I remarked that it was quite in the spirit of Elizabeth of Siberia, the lady exclaimed, '*Ah, ma mere m'a dit la meme chose*!'—My mother made the same remark."

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## American Paper.

### THE NAPOLIAD.

We have seen one of twelve books of a poem entitled the Napoliad, which will be presented to the public as soon as sufficient patronage warrant its being put to press.

It is impossible for us to give an opinion of a whole work of which we have only seen a part; of that which we have seen, however we feel no hesitation to speak, and our opinion is decidedly in favor of its merit. There appears a vast deal of poetic fancy and imagery which declares the author to possess that genius which can alone excel in this branch of literature.

The author has declared to us, that he considers it yet in its incipient state, and that he intends various alterations and finishing touches to adorn and render it perfect. The following is an extract from the book we have seen, we believe the 7th, and the reader will perceive the fanciful and poetic arrangement of the author. He has chosen Homer as his model, and throughout, he personifies and gives corporal agency to the passions, the attributes, the motives, and even the seasons when introduced. The author is here alluding to the frost which destroyed the army of France in Russia.

Now hoary winter, slumbering near the pole,
On his antarctic bed, was sudden rous'd
By voice Omnipotent; the frigid god
Rose shaking from his tresses snows;
When, lo! from o'er the sun, a thund'ring cloud,
Dark, wast, tremendous! heaven's vault descends,
Bearing great nature's sire!—the monarch saw,
And trembled, musing thus: "What fate impends,
That heaven's High King in terrors leaves his throne!
It seems the world's great period!" when thus spoke
The Almighty: Hear, Oking of storms! thy march
Ere many suns would lie o'er Russia' land,
As in past times; but now a warring host
Presume impunity' gainst man and me,
There stalking bold; frail passions for them fought,
Wisdom, at length, decided for their weal
By my consent; but now they little deem
They go by sufferance of Almighty power:
Their race is run; their chief must know reverse,
And feel a humble mortal, weak and poor!
Then thou delay not to walk forth in storms
O'er Russia's clime; embrace thy argent arms—
Thy icy spears— cold quiver, and rude wind
These, then, with all subdui[illegible]
With chilling hand discharge[illegible]
Shroud all the waters with a[illegible]
Make earth seem adamant; al[illegible]
White garb of sorrow, and t[illegible]
Such is our Sov'reign Will.
The Almighty ended, and the heaven[illegible]
The angelic seats were sad; Sol hid his face
In misty ocean; nature sigh'd around—
The hoary monarch of the storms low bow'd,
In humble reverence of his high command,
Then northward turning, sudden darkness spread
Thick round his course; he grasps his thousand spears
Of wond'rous length, and' gainst the icy pole
Them whets withtoilsome haste; twelve leagues his arm
To east and west with lightning fury flies;
The clanging spears, on ever frozen pile
Grate harsh, fast sharp'ning, while their shining points,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, flame wide around,
Like lightnings darting thro' the midnight heavens.
This done, he shakes them midst the rolling clouds;
Stamps on his throne: Boreas and Eurus calls,
And fills his quiver with the shafts of storm.
The boisterous brethren in their native halls,
Hear the lone summons, and tumultuous pour
From their dark portals thro' the heaven and land,
Rending the icy cliffs and tossing clouds,
In dances wild along th' astonish'd skies!
To these the monarch wings his chariot cold,
And toward the Russian clime with terror plum'd,
Sails forth tremendous! underneath his way,
The leaves forsake their limbs; fields cease to bloom,
&c. &c. *(National Advocate)*

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## EDINBURGH REVIEW.

ART. XI. *Examen Rapide du Gouvernement des Bourbons en* FRANCE, *depuis le Mois d' Avril* 1814, *jusqu' au Mois de Mais* 1815. Seconde Edition. 8vo. pp. 72. Paris, 1815.

*Des Revolutionnaires et du Ministere Actuel.* Par M.— 8vo. pp. 85. Paris, 1815.

*(Continued from our Last.)*

We have hitherto spoken only of the public and overt acts of the government, and of circumstances the existence and effect of which seem equally undeniable; and if there were nothing more in the case, we should think the causes of a general and very dangerous discontent sufficiently accounted for. But the truth is, that those feelings are more embittered by circumstances of which it is impossible to produce the same evidence, and in the reality of which it is consequently impossible to have the same assurance. It is notorious, however all over France, that it is not so much against the King himself, as against those members of his family who are most about his person, that the suspicions and resentment of the nation are directed; and that by far the most formidable exasperation has been produced by the impressions which unhappily prevail as to the principles and deportment of the princes next in succession to the throne. Monsieur, though principally bent upon the restoration of the Church to its primitive power and splendour, is said to profess openly his preference of an absolute monarchy, and to speak with undisguised hostility of all representative assemblies, and other checks on the royal authority. The Duc d' Angouleme, bred up in the same principles has had his zeal for them inflamed by the enthusiastic temper of his wife, who has all the spirit of a martyr for the cause—and many apologise for that spirit which its martyrs could not always claim. At Bourdeaux and Nismes, and in various parts of the South, self-created bands are said to have risen up, breathing vengeance against all who have taken any part in the revolution; and contending for the restoration of the old monarchy. Their royalism is so exalted, that they will not wear the white cockade, which they say has been contaminated by the touch of republicans and regicides; but adorn themselves in the colours of the Duchesse D' Angouleme, whose champions they profess to be. The Duc de Berri is still more unpopular than any of the other three. To their implacable hostility to every thing that owes its birth to the revolution, he is said to add a harshness and arrogance of manners, which has given deep and indelible offence. The illustrious, and their immediate confidants and advisers, are positively asserted to hold language of the most unequivocal kind in their own circles, under the very roof of the Tuilleries; and to discourse with considerable openness, of the necessity of putting to death all who had any share in the condemnation of Louis XVI., and of seizing the property, and banishing the persons of all who had ever held or accepted any employment whatsoever under any of the revolution governments;—to effect all which, they are said to contemplate the formation of a pure royalist army in La Vendee and the South, by means of which, after the factions have been disposed of, they propose to redeem the national honour, by taking vengeance on the English and other foreigners who have taken such an ungenerous advantage of their weakness to spoil and disable the country.

For the truth of these imputations, of course, we do not pretend to vouch; nor we do even profess to have grounds sufficient absolutely to settle our own belief with regard to them: But we do vouch for the fact, that such imputations are very generally made and believed at Paris, and that by persons whose means of information and general veracity are held to be equally unquestionable. It is no less certain, that the same impressions are very widely diffused through the body of the nation, and have been greatly strengthened and exasperated by the late mission of the Duc d' Angouleme into the South, and that of the Duke of Berri to La Vendee. Of their effect in promoting the previous animosity and alarm, it is needless to say any thing.

To what practical end this animosity tends, it is not perhaps quite easy to determine: in one point, however, all but the highflying royalists seem to agree—that they never will submit to a government which does cordially recognize all that is now defended by any body in the Revolution,—guarantee without grudging all the popular rights and privileges which have been acquired by the Revolution,—and acknowledge as ornaments and benefactors of the nation, many of those who distinguished themselves in the service of France, while it would have been held both criminal and ridiculous to talk of the rights of the Bourbons. Many seem now persuaded, that it is in vain to hope for such a government under the present monarch, or his immediate successors; and that the first opportunity must be taken again to expel them from the country. Others are of opinion, that if the King, who is by no means personally obnoxious, would emancipate himself from the yoke of the princes, and take into his councils men acquainted with the present situation of France, he might still retrieve his past errors, and maintain himself on the throne for the remainder of his days. The scheme of a republic seems to be universally abandoned—at all events it is universally disavowed. The star of Napoleon, too, seems to be generally considered as set; and though there have been rumours of a design to bring forward his son, under the auspices of Austria, yet this is understood to be, as yet at least, nothing more than an angry and undigested conception of some of the discontented military leaders, and never likely to make any considerable party in the country, which it would naturally throw, during the minority of the young Emperor, into the hated hands of Austria, or subject to the sanguinary competitions of rival generals and armies.

[illegible] are inclined to think, that the general [illegible] discontented would be for THE DUKE OF [illegible] that his appointment to a limited monarchy would satisfy a greater majority of all parties, and excite far more jealousies and alarms than [illegible] could be suggested. Such a choice would ensure these three great advantages to the nation. In the first place, they would have a king who owed his crown unequivocally to the will of the country, and consequently could claim nothing as his right by birth, nor dispute the legitimacy of any of the conditions under which it was given. In the second place, they would have a king connected with the Revolution by his parentage and early education, and therefore not liable to be tempted by family affection, or to be suspected of being tempted to look upon those concerned in the Revolution with feelings of hatred or revenge:—And, finally, they would have a king so near in blood to the lineal successor to the throne, and so little entitled to the dignity for his personal services or exertions, as to mark a considerable veneration for the principle of hereditary succession,—to conciliate the moderate royalists on the one hand, and to prevent this limited exercise of choice, in an emergency so new and important, from affording any encouragement to the perilous experiment of an elective monarchy—or, in other words, a crown set up as a prize to be fought for by all the daring and ambitious spirits in the country.

These considerations are so forcible, and at the same time, so obvious, that we cannot help believing, that if things do not mend greatly before the death of the King, whose health and habits do not promise a long course of existence;—or if even during his life, discontents should rise so high, as to produce another subversion of the government, by far the most likely

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and, upon the whole, the most desirable issue, will be the transference of the sceptre to the Duke of Orleans, upon conditions more favourable to general liberty than have yet been admitted by a French Sovereign.

We are far from intending to insinuate, that that illustrious person has actually taken any measures to bring about such a consummation, or that he is even suspected of caballing against the throne of his kinsman. On the contrary, it is generally understood, that he has carefully kept himself aloof from the hazard of all such imputations;—and that though his partisans may conjecture that he will not refuse the greatness that may be put upon him, they are perfectly aware that he will himself do nothing to bring it to him, nor use any other arts to strengthen his interest, than a scrupulous adherence to the principles of the constitutional charter, which the whole nation is now bound to observe. This character, as far as we can gather is that of much good sense and moderation.

Hitherto we have been speaking very much in the name of the constitutionalists; of those who think they have room to complain of the existing government, and who say that they comprehend nine tenths of the whole French people:—and in stating the facts on which they mainly rely for the justification of their discontent, we have perhaps unconsciously borrowed a little too much of their tone and temper. It would not be fair, however, to conclude this hasty sketch of the actual state of the country, without taking some notice of the pleas and averments of the Royalists.

Admitting as they do in substance, most of the Facts which we have already stated as notorious, the moderate persons of this party certainly deny that the King looks with any grudging or secret on the rights which the constitutional charter confirms to the people at large, or that the Princes profess any hostility to that constitution. They say, we are afraid not quite correctly, that the system of lenity and confidence was fairly tried during the last short reign, when it was shamefully abused, and that greater distrust and severity are now indispensable for their safety;—that those who are discontented now, never would be satisfied while any power was left to the Crown, and that it is as well to resist their pretensions at this point as at any other;—that they must at all events have a force for their protection, upon which they can rely—and that if the proved faithlessness of so many who made professions of attachment, compels them to choose that force among persons who carry their notions of loyalty somewhat farther than the present consititution admits, that is no fault of theirs; and it will be easy for the government to prevent this excessive devotion of their supporters from producing any practical mischief. They maintain also, that the only violent opposition to their government is to be found among the discontented and ambitious soldiery, who wish again for conquest and pillage, under a military sovereign; and that the great mass of the people, though overawed by this dangerous class of persons, are in their hearts for the King's government—as that under which they will have most peace, and most substantial freedom: And they maintain farther, that the genius of the French nation, and their late habits, lead them to submit much more patiently to the hand of power than the voice of reason;—and that if they could only get such an army as to repress all internal resistance, the country would fall very readily into its old habits of obedience to legitimate force. They confess, that the propensity of the people is to war, and that their leading passion is for military glory;—and upon this, in fact, they now build their chief hope of consolidating their government. The Allies they say, and particularly the English, have behaved ungenerously, and even deceitfully, in coming into their country, with professions of amity to all but Buonaparte and his adherents; and, then taking advantage of their weakness and unprepared condition, to plunder and insult them like a conquered people; to exact tribute from them; to dictate to them what garrisons they shall have, and where they shall be stationed in their own realm; and to seize upon their whole frontier, and quarter a foreign army upon them for a period of years after all pretexts for hostility have disappeared. By holding out this language, which no doubt falls in exactly with the sentiments of all classes of Frenchmen, they expect very easily to raise an army, which will at once strengthen their hands against all domestic foes and enable them, in due time, to drive these treacherous invaders from their soil, and retrieve the military honour of France, at the same time that they restore its independence.

We do not mean to say that this language is held by official persons about the Court on public occasions; but there is not the least doubt that it is held by the great body of Royalists individually, and that with very little reserve or concealment; and that the hatred to England is now, on the whole, more acrimonious, and more openly and offensively expressed among this class of persons than among their antagonists. It is, or was at least very lately, an ordinary topic of reproach with them, that our Government was actually in league with the partisans of Orleans to bring about the expulsion of the present King;—and some belief in this imputation may perhaps have mitigated the hostility of the constitutionalists.

From this state of parties and of facts, our readers may judge for themselves what is likely to be the fortune of this distracted country:—and we have no inclination to disturb their calculations with any predictions of ours. It is impossible, however, with the slightest recollection of the facts, and the general principles of human nature, to doubt that the party of the malcontents is by far the most numerous and daring: But they labour under the disadvantage of having no military head, no sort of pecuniary funds, and no means of safe or easy concert and preparation. The Government, in all these respects, is in a much more favourable situation. It is actually established, and invested with some immediate authority; and, as long as it lasts, may take its measures in perfect security and tranquillity. Both parties, in the mean time, are repressed, and nearly alike repressed we take it, by the overawing foreign force with which the theatre and the prize of their contentions is still surrounded. and the extreme uncertainty of the policy that this force may adopt in the event of a renewed civil war. They are also mutually repressed by the impoverished state of the country, and the almost total destruction of the *material* of an army which has taken place in the course of their late hostilities. It is owing to these circumstances alone, we think, that the conflict does not take place immediately.

As to the policy of Austria or Russia—though many extraordinary things are confidently asserted with regard to them—we shall not now venture upon any speculation: But it is impossible to look at such an event as the revival of civil contentions in France, even as a remote possibility, without strenuously inculcating upon this country the propriety, the justice, the necessity of an absolute, true, and entire neutrality. We have no right to interfere—We have no interest to interfere—And our interference is most likely to defeat the objects for which it is undertaken, and to ruin the peace and the liberties of all Europe, while it brings this nation to speedy bankruptcy, disorder, and dishonour.

Our ministers have already solemnly abjured all right to interfere in the internal government of France or in the choice which that great nation may make of a government for itself; and therefore, it is needless to say any thing more on the general view of the subject—as it probably will not be contended, that, except for some strong and immediate interest of our own, we can ever be entitled to intermeddle with the private concerns of our neighbours. That there are limits to this principle of non-interference, is indeed undeniable; and we are not disposed to be very rigid in fixing their places. If France should again erect itself into a revolutionary republic, and proclaim hostility to all thrones, we should think this a justifiable case of interference even anticedent to any actual attack on our own government.—Nay, if Buonaparte should escape from St. Helena, & resume the purple for a third time in Paris, we should not much quarrel with those who should hold that also a ground for immediate opposition: But we must peremptorily protest against any interference for the purpose of keeping Lewis XVIII. on his throne, in despite of the French nation;—or for opposing the pretensions of the Duke of Orleans, or any other competitor whom the voice of the country may call to supply his place.

We are zealous and most sincere advocates for hereditary monarchy,—and our opinions and arguments upon that subject are already before the public at large:*—But hereditary monarchy, without a power and a right in the people to change the line of succession, is the old slavish absurdity of the *jus divinum* of kings; and cannot decently be asserted in any country that has the smallest pretensions to liberty. In England, where we still have a free constitution, and that exactly because we have a Sovereign who owes his crown to such a change in the succession, the mere statement of such a doctrine must appear to be the very height of absurdity and baseness. But, even if this were questionable, surely it will not be pretended that the opposite doctrine, upon which it is our great glory and especial distinction among nations to have acted, and to the practical assertion of which we familiarly ascribe all that is excellent in our political institutions, can at the same time be so very pernicious and detestable, thit it can be lawful to take up arms to prevent its adoption in a foreign country, and a duty to make war upon our neighbours, if they seem disposed in this respect to follow our example.

The only ground, in short, that can bear to be stated for such an interference, must be, that our own interests would be in some way compromised by any internal change in the government of a neighbouring country. But what is it to us or any interest of ours, that the French people prefer the Duke of Orleans to the Count de Lille for their sovereign? and choose to call one prince of the old family to the throne, instead of another? It certainly is very much to be wished, for their own sakes, that they should adhere upon the whole to the principle of hereditary succession; but, even if they should judge differently, and should set up the crown to sale, or openly proclaim it to be elective, we do not see what right we should have to find fault with them.—The mischiefs of such a government are, in common cases, all to the nation that adopts it—and as it is usually rendered weaker and less formidable by the struggles and distractions to which it is consequently exposed, there seems to be no conceivable ground upon which the vicinage can have any right to prevent it. That it is an impolitic and improvident measure in general estimation, can surely give the wise people who think so no right to enlighten the folly of an independent nation by making war upon them till they are convinced of their folly. They must be left to the gentler and more effectual schooling of experience and reflection. What should we have thought in England, in 1688, if the great States of Europe had combined, and required us to show cause why we could live no longer under the dominion of our *legitimate* Sovereign, and enjoined us to make out such a case of necessity as *they* should find complete and satisfactory, before they would tolerate a measure so irregular, and of such dangerous example? Could any nation that pretended to independence submit to such an interference? Could any government, or any combination of governments, that pretended to justice or liberality, presume to attempt it?—The question, however, comes exactly to this issue,—whether the reasons which entitle a nation to make changes in its internal government, must be reasons that are satisfactory to itself,—or to other countries? That there may be reasons to justify such a change, probably will not be disputed; and all that is contended for is, that the nation which is to act upon them should be allowed to judge of their validity. No other tribunal can possibly be aware of their force, or attempt to make their practical application without manifest usurpation.

But even if an independent state could be subjected, in a matter like this, to the jurisdiction of the surrounding governments, and obliged to make out a colourable case before it was allowed to make any such alteration, we conceive that France could have no difficulty in making out such a case, as must, upon every principle of reciprocity, be conclusive and satisfactory, in so far at least as this country is to judge of it. We could not well refuse the authority of the great and glorious precedent afforded by our own history;—indeed there is no other conceivable standard by which any man among us could ever pretend to estimate the reasonableness of any similar attempt. But it would not be difficult, we think, to show, that if there be any truth at all in the view which we have already given of the interests and sentiments of the French nation, and the conduct and dispositions of its present rulers, there are relatively to French feelings, as strong inducements to change the person of the soveregin in the one case, as in the other. The ultimate motive for all such changes, is the conscientious conviction of the people, that their lives, properties, or liberties will be in hazard, if it be not adopted. But there can be no sort of doubt, we suppose, that there are many more individuals now in France who sincerely entertain such apprehensions from the continuance of the present system, than there were in England in the time of James II. To quiet such general or extensive apprehensions and to prevent them from breaking out into perpetual and incurable disturbances, the principle of hereditary succession, which is itself only to be valued as generally preventing such disturbances, may be lawfully sacrificed; and the sacrifice will be cheap, if the end can be accomplished, without absolutely departing from the principle altogether, but only deviating a little way from the lineal order of inheritance.

This is truly the bottom of the case; and the basis upon which our Revolution, as well as that of the Dutch provinces and the Swiss Cantons, and indeedevery other, must ultimately be rested.—But the parallel between our case in 1688, and that of France at the present moment, may perhaps be pushed a little farther. The true cause of the expulsion of James, was the difference of religion. He adhered to the old faith of the country, while its habits and institutions had been permanently moulded to one of later origin; and instead of yielding a part, at least, of his own notions and prejudices, to those of his people, and being guided by the counsels of those who knew them and their temper, he gave himself up to the guidance of Priests and Jesuits and other zealots, who would admit of no compromise, and were substantially strangers to the character of the nation he was to govern. If we read *Emigrants for Jesuits*, this is nearly the picture of the present government of France. Twenty years of revolution have made the Court and the emigrants as much aliens to the habits and feelings of France as it now is, as the lapse of a century had estranged Popery and its accompaniments from the habits of our people in 1688; and we believe it will scarcely be doubted, that the political reformation of the former period is at least as much valued by its disciples, as the religious reformation of the latter was by its immediate supporters.

From what we have here said, it may perhaps be inferred, that we wish at all events for the dethronement of the present King, and think that an insurrection for that object would be a laudable and proper measure. This, however, is by no means our opinion. If the crown, indeed, could be brought to the Duke of Orleans, without a struggle or an insurrection, we have no hesitation in saying, that we think France would have a better chance both for freedon, and for tranquillity, than under the present Monarch and his apparent heirs; and we should consider it as a very fortunate and happy event for her and for the world, if, either by the natural course of mortality, or by any voluntary arrangement in the family, that Prince should now be enabled to ascend the throne, without competition or resistance from any quarter. Beyond this, however, our revolutionary spirit proceeds not;—and if all Frenchmen thought as we do, they would rather apply themselves to conciliate each other, and gradually and patiently to ameliorate their constitution under their present King, than commit their country to the dreadful hazard of a new civil war, for an object which may be desirable, but which they cannot be sure of attaining.

Ignorant as the opponents of the Court are of the exact measure of their own strength, or of that which may be arrayed against it, it is quite impossible that they can have any assurance of a speedy or easy victory:—And with a people so combustible,—already so mischievously trained to military habits and principles,—so ill provided with leaders in civil wisdom, & so apt to be made the prey of atrocious factionaries, ambitious generals, we confess that we see much more danger, both to liberty and peace, from the issue of a long internal contention, than from any abuse of which the present government is likely to be guilty—if properly watched, admonished, and resisted. The foundations of a representative government are now laid, we think indestructibly in the French constitution; and we have no idea that the present King has any design to abrogate or defeat the objects of this great institution. However much it may be abused or perverted, therefore, at this moment, it seems certain, that if every thing is not again cast down by the shock of another popular revolution, the monarchy will be substantially limited, and a certain considerable and growing portion of power vested in the people. We are not even sure whether the nation be fit at this moment for more complete liberty; and whether they would not, on the whole, have a better chance of ultimately obtaining a free and happy constitution, by this progressive and gradual extension of the legislative power, than by starting at once into the function of patriots and citizens. At all events, we should prefer this chance to the perilous experiment of an appeal to arms, and the hazards of an exasperated civil war. We should endeavour to enlighten and conciliate the Nation and, if necessary, to controul and even intimidate the Court, if it persisted in a narrow or illiberal policy; but we should not risk an actual insurrection—on slighter ground than that of actual and intolerable oppression,—and certainly not for the uncertain chance of obtaining a Sovereign who would no doubt be more suitable in many respects to the present condition of the country.

Such are our sentiments of the course that France *ought* to pursue in the present agitating crisis of her affairs; but we greatly fear that they are not the sentiments of any considerable part of the people of that country; And it is with a view to their acting upon their own opposite impressions, and actually plunging into domestic dissensions, that we have endeavoured to show that we will have neither right nor interest to interfere in that quarrel; and are bound, upon every consideration of generosity and prudence, to let them settle their government in any way they please, or are able,—provided they do not endanger our peace or independence in the operation.

As to the consequences of our yielding to our lamentable passion for war and interference, on our finances and internal prosperity, we shall say nothing in this place, as we expect to be able to annex a short separte article upon these important subjects; and indeed, we have left ourselves room to add but a word or two on the effects of such a mischievous system of policy on our honour and influence, and the fortunes of Europe in general.

In the first place, if it really require the whole united force of Europe to prevent the French from dethroning their present King, it must be pretty plain that he has no considerable number of supporters in his own country, and that the great mass of it is decidedly against him. If it be not so, there can scarcely be any necessity for our interference—and if it be so, then that interference must of necessity appear to the mass of the nation to be a monstrous outrage, injustice, and oppression, the existence of which must exasperate them still more against the prince on whose account they are subjected to it. The natural effects of persecution are now pretty well known and admitted—to exalt and rivet the attachment of its victims to the objects for which it is inflicted—to turn mere reluctance or difference of opinion into furious hatred or ungovernable enthusiasm—to raise common men to the devotedness of martyrs, or the frenzy of assassins—and to put all the strong feelings of revenge and honour in the way of easy reconciliation. There is bitterness enough in the ordinary case of a civil war; but if the Allies, who are already generally hated in France for their humiliation of the national power and vanity, are to take part in that war, this will not only throw the whole weight of national feeling into the opposite scale, but will infallibly give a character of acrimony and deadly hatred to the contest, of which the world has yet seen no example. But a war waged with such feelings, and against such a nation as France, can have no issue on which reason or humanity can bear to look without horror. Even supposing the allied arms to be as completely successful as possible, it is plain that France can never be permanently subdued, without the absolute extermination of most of its inhabitants. Paris, and other great towns may, and probably would be, abandoned to pillage and conflagration; large provinces may be occupied and severed, by decrees of Congress, from the rest of the country; but a warlike and exasperated population of forty millions cannot be absolutely destroyed, or permanently kept under by mere force;—and these violent and deplorable measures, which can only become possible in the end of the most savage and murderous hostilities, will merely sow the seeds of after revolts, insurrections, and massacres,—till some new view of policy or private ambition disunite the victorious Allies, and afford the vanquished an opportunity of again asserting their independence, and wreaking their revenge.

In short, it appears to us, that if we are to mingle again in the internal dissensions of France, and to take part in the hostilities to which they will but too probably give rise, we shall not only render the Prince whom we mean to support more universally odious in that country, but in all likelihood involve the whole of Europe in the most rancorous and desolating hostilities for thirty years to come. In this point of view, it is of the utmost importance to recollect, that the great hazard to which civil liberty, national morality, and general prosperity are now exposed all over the civilized world, arises from the prevalence of military habits, and the conversion of an undue proportion of the people into a professional soldiery. It is to this that we owe the last return of Bonaparte, and all the disgusting scenes of perfidy and atrocity by which it was attended; and it is to this also that we must ascribe that neglect of literature & political philosophy—that contempt in short of civil arts and civil virtues, the beginings of which, we conceive, have lately been but too visible in other nations. Nothing indeed can be more certain, than that no country can be free, or rich, or moral, or refined, whose leading occupation is that of war—and among whom the military order takes precedency over, and gives the tone to every other. Even if every other reason, therefore, did not concur to deter us from engaging in wars which do not concern us, and in which we must be equally ruined by failure as by success, this consideration, we conceive, ought to inspire us with redoubled caution; and determine us to abstain from a scene not more painful than precarious, and in which our very efforts must strike so deep at the heart of our prosperity.

* See the *Review of Mr. Leckie's work*, Vol. XX. P. 522, &c.

# Poetry.

## ADDRESS TO LORD BYRON.

Know'st thou the land where the hardy green thistle,
The red bloomiug heath, and the hare-bell abound;
Where oft o'er the mountain the shepherd's shrill whistle
Is heard, in the gloaming, so sweetly to sound?
Know'st thou the land of the mountain and flood,
Where the pine of the forest for ages has stood;
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the storm,
And her young ones are rock'd on the high Cairngor'm?
Know'st thou the land where the cold Celtic wave
Encircles the hills which its blue waters lave;
Where the virgins are pure as the gems of the sea,
And their spirits are light as their actions are free?
Know'st thou the land where the sun's ling'ring ray
Streaks with gold the horizon, till dawns the new day;
Whilst the cold feeble beam which he sheds on the sight,
Scarce breaks through the gloom of the cold winter night?
—'Tis the land of thy Sires! 'Tis the land of thy youth,
Where first thy young heart glow'd with honour and truth;
Where the wild fire of genius first caught thy young soul,
And thy feet and thy fancy roam'd free from controul.
Ah! why does that fancy still dwell on those climes,
Where love leads to madness, and madness to crimes?
Where courage itself is more savage than brave,
Where man is—a despot, and woman—a slave?
Tho' soft are the breezes, and rich the perfume,
And fair are the gardens of "Gul" in their bloom;
Can the roses they twine, or the vines which they bear,
Speak peace to the heart of suspicion and fear?
Set Phœbus' bright ray gild the *Egean* wave,
But say, can it brighten the lot of a slave—
Or all that is beauteous in Nature impart
One virtue to soften the *Moslem's* proud heart?
Ah, no! 'tis the magic that glows in thy strain,
Gives soul to the action, and life to the scene;
And "the deeds which they do, and the tales which they tell,"
Enchant us alone by the power of thy spell.

And is there no charm in thine own native earth?
Does no talisman rest on the place of thy birth?
Are the daughters of Albion less worthy thy care,
Less soft than "Yuliskeen," less bright than "Gulnare?"
Are her sons less renown'd, or her warriors less brave
Than the slaves of a Prince, who himself is a slave?

Then strike thy wild harp! let it swell with the strain,
Let the mighty in arms, live and conquer again;
Their deeds and their glory thy lay shall prolong,
And the fame of thy country shall live in thy song.
The proud wreaths of Victory round heroes may twine,
'Tis the Poet who crowns them with honours divine;
And thy laurels "*Pelides*," had sunk in the tomb,
Had the Bard not preserv'd them *immortal in bloom!*

C.

## SONG.

Air; Erin go bragh.

O, why do I love, mid the night-dews, to wander,
And list to the wild wind that howls through the sky?
On days gone forever, why pensively ponder,
And o'er joys, now no more, heave the heart-rending sigh!

Yes! dear to my heart is each tender emotion,
And sacred the tear which is shed for the brave!
My Henry, alas! on the wild-swelling ocean,
Mid war's loudest roar fell, his country to save!

But great was the cause which my Henry defended!
And glorious the day when in battle he fell!—
On his valour his country's existence depended!
And the fame of that day future ages shall tell!

Though his heart, brave, undaunted, to fear was a stranger,
And dreadful his arm in the face of his foes;
Yet that arm still rejoiced to protect me in danger,
And kind was that brave heart when peace brought repose.

Thou sweet little cherub! who hang'st on my bosom
Or unconcious of wrong fondly smiles on my knee!
May He who defends, mid the storm, the frail blossom,
Defend what remains of my Henry to me!

In some future day thou'lt thy father resemble!
And though for thy safety a mother must fear,
When in the fierce combat thy en'mies shall tremble,
Thy arm will avenge all the sorrows I bear!

Thus the daughter of woe, while the wind whistled o'er her,
Bade the sad notes of sorrow ascend on the gale;
She gaz'd, and a war-beaten form rose before her!
She gaz'd, and her cheek, like the lilly, grew pale!

My Henry! she cried.—To embrace her he bounded,
And caught, as she swooned, the fair burden she bore!—
Thy Henry returns! who in battle was wounded,
Returns to thy arms to forsake thee no more!

S—C.

To *Mr. Snooke*. quoth *Tommy Tyer*,
While walking near St. Paul's,
*Why is the letter S like fire.*
*For heating cannon balls?*
Tom fancied unawares he took
His friend: he knew him not;
For thus resounded *Mr. Snooke*
"Because it makes *Hot Shot.*"

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